

THE PULSE

EASTER ISSUE 1943

OF INTEREST TO ALL

This issue of the Pulse affords me an opportunity to express to the individual members of the New York Hospital organization my keen appreciation for the loyal and cooperative attitude shown by the personnel. Repeatedly we have reached new highs in patient census during the last few weeks, the latest top record for all time in the New York Hospital, including Payne Whitney but excluding Westchester Division, is 972. So far we have been able to render satisfactory service to this large group of patients in spite of many shortages in our staff. To the intelligent and faithful service of our employees who have assumed more than their share of the burden goes the credit for these fine results.

In these times the stupendous war in which our country is engaged occupies much of our thoughts. Those of us who are connected with this great medical and teaching center might easily overlook the important work that is being accomplished in this institution as an adjunct to the war program. We are training students in Medicine, in Nursing, in Nutrition and in Radiology. In all these branches of the Hospital and Medical fields there are serious shortages both with our armed forces and in this country. Our teaching program is helping to fill these gaps and thus we are doing our part to support the war program as well as the home front.

Murray Sargent

THE NEW YORK HOSPITAL: IMPRESSIONS OF A NEW EMPLOYEE

by Frederic Ramsey, Jr.

It's big and white, with a cross cut in the highest towers. It's visible from almost every vantage-point of upper-midtown Manhattan, as it looms out of the East River in the upper sixties. And to the people who live in the district, this big white building is both a reassuring beacon and a guarantee of protection. It's impossible not to feel this as you walk down the crowded cross-streets toward the river; on the sidewalk along the way, you may overhear some reference to the hospital, someone may be saying, "Yes, we took him in to Emergency only a week ago—and now, he's well, back home and ready to go to work again! What a wonderful place!"

That's a little bit of the way you feel about it, when you look up, walking along outside; a little bit of the way everyone feels about the New York Hospital. But what happens when

you go inside, when you work there? Probably the traditional reaction before entering is one of apprehension—apprehension associated with some early hospital experience, or due merely to vague chills inspired by lurid notions of surgical horrors. The unknown bulks large in the imagination.

Once inside, the first thing you notice is that aside from the confusing variety of uniforms, everyone here seems quite as familiar as persons to be found in any cross-section of the city's workaday life. There's no great impression of excitement, nor of hurry—just an air of quiet, sure efficiency. You begin to wonder what you had expected to find. Perhaps you thought people who worked in a hospital had to be different from everyone else, merely because they worked there.

Next, the size of the place is impressive. Once you've summoned up enough courage to say "hello" to persons whom you recognize, and begin to look around a bit, your next concern is to discover how such an apparently vast installation runs at all. How does anyone really know how to get anywhere? How does Nutrition know what Building Service is up to? Who winds up the alarm and puts out the cat? And how does Dr. Pastore know about it, when it is done? What is SSB? And what are those penthouse-like windows on the fifth floor of the Plant Building? How many floors are there in the main building, anyhow? Until you've been about a few days, the hospital directory is as much of an alphabetical abracadabra as a list of Government agencies in a 'phone book.

Slowly but surely, the picture clears up. You learn about the tube system. You cease to be reminded of Dr. Kildare every time you hear the page. Nurses and doctors begin to manifest signs that could be attributed to any real human being. You see a doctor bringing in a batch of Christmas trees from the country. You learn about a nurse who knits one purls two in the quiet hours of the graveyard shift in the early morning. Thus the early impressions are forgotten, and the organization comes into sharper focus. As soon as you feel yourself a part of that organization, whatever squeamishness you may have had at first is dispelled.

Of course, there's still a great deal to be learned—enough to make up a lifetime with a few years left over, if you are to know everything that goes on within the whitewalls. And there are always the little daily surprises that come to divert you. A long time may go by, for example, before you visit the carpenter shop. Then you'll be pleased to

(Continued on Page 2)

THE PULSE

of the Employees of
THE NEW YORK HOSPITAL
68th to 71st Sts., York Ave. to East River

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break; that somebody had the patience, interest, and willingness. We must too. If we do, the activities and interests of The New York Hospital shall redound to our credit, if we don't the emptiness of our effort shall fall as a heavy rain-drop on a tin roof.

The spirit and impetus of this institution's contribution to mankind rests in the hands of the administrators, doctors, department heads and all who would direct another's activities and from them stem the very character of the effort. We feel that someone has exorably failed to make an honest effort to understand and to interpret the problem. We would that Uncle Sam take "the best" to get a nasty job quickly done; for us it remains to do a good job with "the next best". It can be done. We do or we don't.

WE DO or WE DON'T - AN EDITORIAL

We venture upon a delicate subject; we can not vouch-safe that it will not be indelicately put. Some folks possibly need to be reminded that this great country of ours is engaged in a titanic struggle to maintain a reasonably respectable set of hopes and ideals, the mute accomplishment of which has and will continue to drain the cream of our manhood and womanhood. Many folks probably need to be reminded that for those of us left behind, there is a bigger job to do than formerly.

This little piece is not attempted as a reminder for those who appreciate the problem but rather as an effort to smoke out the arrogant, and supercilious souls among us who, by dint of the smugness and authority vested in them by virtue of position and past accomplishment, demand and expect the "fare" of yesterday.

We have and shall continue to have a serious problem in the maintenance of adequate personnel. It should be forever obvious that as repeated replacements must necessarily be made, that the rank and file of the employees will not understand or carry out our obligations as did our former crew; an inescapable deduction should be that it shall be up to the old-timers to lead the way.

Those of us who have been around a number of years have all too quickly forgotten our utter sense of loss in the endless corridors that are The New York Hospital which we so keenly felt as newcomers. Nothing is more painful than the old-timers air of ownership as he barges by the newcomer. What's the matter—can't we be civil?

And to those who have been over the same ground year after year, what makes you think the new fellow should rip it off as fast as you can? What makes you think you were so hot when you first came on the scene?

And now tell us, how can one man wash the windows on the fifth floor, mop the floor on the sixth and hang the shades on the seventh floor all at one time? And we say this, if the students litter up the auditorium with cigarette butts, how about having them do their smoking elsewhere?

Time was when somebody gave you and me a

(Continued from Page 1)

discover it's that fifth-floor penthouse you'd wondered about all along. And it may be years before you learn that there's a basement under the sub-basement, and that it's known as SSB.

LEGITIMATE ABSENTEE REPORTS

Lt. Betty Hazen (formerly in M-2 Nursery) writes from North Africa:

"This country is really something—all sorts of customs and all sorts of people. It is an occasion to meet someone in good old civilian clothes. We have Arabs by the thousands, wrapped in their rags and baggy pants with turbans on their heads, Moslem women behind their veils, men with "fez" and bright colored pants and shirts, soldiers of all countries, and beggars on every corner. We are the only American nurses and the people think we are a curiosity. They stop and stare and rattle on in French or Arabic—hope it's something creditable to the U.S. but will never know. There are also a lot of women from the W.A.A.C. here. I am on duty at the present time. Ede (Edith Gaeckel, anesthetist from M-8) is in charge of the operating room and I am her assistant. We had a grand time getting this place put together and there are still plenty of loose ends dangling about which we hope to catch as soon as we get sufficient equipment. You know in a place like this you don't just write out a requisition and trip down to the store-room—you either do without or you find a substitute."

Corp. Howard Zick (Accounting Department) writes from the New York Hospital Unit at Fort Andrews, Massachusetts:

"Since Ronald Busse and I have been made Corporals, we have been moved to a semi-private room. Each barrack has four rooms for the use of non-commissioned officers. Ronald, another corporal, and myself occupy an upstairs room with a northern exposure overlooking the sea. Some nights I think we have too much exposure; even with the windows closed tight the shades flap from the wind blowing through the window edges. We have fixed the room up a bit with pictures and

mapson the wall. Every Friday, the day before inspection, two of us scrub the floor on our hands and knees. Many concerns will be very lucky after the war when the soldiers go back to work in the offices; a man can work as clerk from 9 to 5, do K.P. during lunch hour, and work as janitor in the evening. Our friend's father is in the rug business so we even have rugs on the floor. we are probably the first soldiers in the Army to have such a luxury."

Lt. Ellen Davis (former staff nurse on M-4) writes from Philadelphia:

"Navy life is everything and more than I dared hope. From the very first the people at the hospital and at the hotel have been wonderful. As for my work, I just can't feature doing anything else — it just grows on you. Our first few days here were spent in becoming adapted to Navy routine and uniform fittings. we work from 7 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. The 5th floor of the hotel is reserved for Navy nurses and the government takes care of the expenses. The rooms are lovely and large—two girls in a room, bath connecting. Each morning we leave here in Navy station wagons and buses to go to the hospital."

Ensign Leslie Wackwitz (Accounting Department) writes from Boston:

"I'm really lucky to be here instead of being at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. Last winter when I left Newport to go to Panama most all of the 115 fellows in my Company went to the cruiser Juneau. However, because of the fact that I could type they made me a storekeeper and sent me to the Canal Zone much to my disappointment at the time. You probably read about the Juneau getting sunk in the battles around the Solomons. Undoubtedly most of the fellows whom I knew are also missing. I saw them and the ship last summer down in the Zone and they were pretty anxious to see some action at the time. I guess Panama wasn't so bad after all."

Excerpts from a letter describing the evacuation of Singapore dated March 9th, 1942, Capetown, from Mrs. W. A. C. Goode, the former Mary Harding, New York Hospital nurse.

"with all the bombing Singapore still looked the same. — we never gave up hope that the air force would be reinforced, but we knew there was little hope left. — The night of January 29th was a bad night; we had raids all through the night. In the morning we had just put on our uniforms to go to the hospital when the siren sounded again. — we heard the bombers coming near so we scrambled into the shelter and only just in time. — A bomb went right through the roof and the wall of the house and exploded exactly three feet from my head. — we went back to our own house. — In the meantime the raid was still going on — bombs were showering down on the docks very close to us and some huge fires were started. — The order had come out that all European women were to leave and the ship was sailing at 4 p.m.; it was then 3 p.m. — I said I couldn't possibly go without seeing

Bill to say goodbye. — The one argument that got us was that if we left it would give Bill and Jim a better chance to escape when the time came. — Getting on the ship was a terrible scramble. — The story of our trip is a book in itself. — we were still in uniforms and without food but so exhausted we just lay on the floor and went to sleep. — All through the day of January 31st we stayed in Singapore and the raids never ceased. They had blown up the causeway to Johore the night before, and now the big guns started shelling. we were kept below decks, not a porthole open. — we sailed at 4 that afternoon. — It was a miracle that the ship escaped undamaged. There were 1,500 women and children on board. — Catherine and I took on the job of washing the babies' dummies. — Three babies were born during our escape. — From Singapore the ship went to Batavia, and going through the Sunda Straits was bombed again. — Twice before we reached Colombo we were chased by submarines. — From Colombo it took eight days to reach Durban and there we entrained for Capetown."

From Embury Riddle School of Aviation,
Miami, Florida.
FRANK KRAL:

"well, they made me a Private First Class, and I'm studying to be an Engine Mechanic, not doing so bad either. I have a chance after I finish, if I finish, to be a specialist; the course is tough, as we have to put in one and a half year's studies in fifteen weeks; the passing mark is 70% but so far I have been hitting 90%, but it gets tougher as the days go along."

From Camp Swift, Texas.
LYLE BROCKMAN:

"Army life isn't bad, good food, and plenty of it. I am really getting in shape."

From "Somewhere in Scotland",
IVOR WILLIAMS:

"Some time ago I was fortunate enough to obtain a furlough of five days' duration. Of course I took advantage of it and went to that part of the country where I was born and spent my school days. It was great to meet all my relatives again and bridge the gulf of so many years. what I really derived the most thrill from, though, was walking down the main street, the cynosure of all eyes, proudly wearing the uniform of Uncle Sam."

RED CROSS WAR FUND

The Red Cross war Fund Committee is happy to report the drive for funds at the hospital and college has been very successful. Many contributors have more than doubled their previous years donations and all have felt it a privilege to help so worthy a cause.

The committee wishes to thank everyone for making this drive a success.

On May first, the Garden and South Dining Rooms will open as a new pay unit. The feature attractions offered consist of a soda fountain and sandwich bar, soundproofed ceilings, and new color decorations of gray and yellow. A selective menu will be offered at the two cafeteria counters.

HOSPITAL ESSENTIAL

A recent directive of the war Man Power Commission has placed hospitals on the essential list. There are still details of the program which will need to be clarified and this is being accomplished through the bureau recently established in Washington by the American Hospital Association.

The general need for hospitals in the war program is well recognized and the Man Power Commission and the Selective Service Boards are cooperating in endeavoring to see that hospitals can carry forward the health program of the community they serve, and be prepared for such further demands as may be made on them by the exigencies of the war.

VOLUNTEERS

Volunteer work increasingly is proving a vital factor in easing the personnel shortage which has harassed the Hospital since the onset of war. Spurred by wartime necessity, volunteers have performed yeoman service by assuming a wide variety of duties, freeing regular staff members for other tasks.

During 1942 volunteers worked in 29 capacities, contributing the impressive total of 104,773 hours of service.

In March of this year, the volunteers gave 12,661 hours of service; this is the largest number of hours ever contributed in one month in the history of the Hospital. 89 Nurses' Aides devoted 5,447 hours of service to the Hospital during this month. This is the largest single group among the volunteers.

Volunteers have made, and are making, a genuine contribution toward maintaining the Hospital's efficiency in the face of wartime difficulties.

THIRTY-LOVE

The 1943 tennis season is off to a good start. Gene, the genial groundsman, has worked himself down to a mere 300 pounds getting the courts in shape. He is working on a war job afternoons and evenings but will spend a few hours in the mornings keeping the courts in shape. The players are all asked to help supervise the courts and do their best to make this a successful season. The following tennis committee members request your co-operation, help, and advice:

Miss Mary McDermott	Nurses Residence
Donald A. Clarke	Pharmacy
Theodore F. Childs	Psychiatry
Dr. E. Cooper Person	Surgery
Dr. Eugene E. Clifton	Surgery
LaFoss Cunningham	Accounting
Gonzalo Gonzalez	Nutrition
E. H. Lawrence - Chairman	Corporation

An interesting new program has just been started in our Nursing Department—Men who are volunteering their services as orderlies and working on pavilions and semi-private floors.

A series of fourteen lectures is being given to the group; the course comprising the various duties and functions of general orderly work. The first class was held on Monday, April 5th, and will continue on Monday and Wednesday evenings of each week.

While the number of men who have volunteered for this week is small at the moment, all of them are enthusiastic about the program and it is expected that the group will be gradually increased and also it will be expanded to other nights during each week. Each man is volunteering three and one half hours an evening and plans to be on duty two nights each week.

This new program is just another indication of the willingness of volunteers to help hospitals in carrying on during the war period.

Possibly members of our own organization know friends who would like to volunteer for this work. If so, have them see Mr. Turner or Miss Richardson in the Personnel office.

CANCER FORUM

The New York Chapter of the American Physiotherapy Association and the New York Electrical Society will hold a joint meeting in the Medical College Auditorium on the evening of May 12th, (Wednesday).

Dr. George T. Pack and Dr. Gray H. Twombly will speak on Cancer with the new developments in that field. Slides are to be shown.

This meeting will be non-technical, hence anyone interested in attending is cordially invited.

HOSPITALS

Sargeant James Gurzendo from the Eye Department apparently has found a solution to his laundry problem by walking into the creek with his clothes on. He is stationed in the South Pacific, and hasn't seen a white woman in months.

Last reports John Moore is still in Frisco handling "v" mail.

Armand from the Valet Shop is working in the Navy Yard. His future destination will be Pearl Harbor.

Dr. Norman Plummer is now Major in the Army and headed for Carlyle Barracks on April 9.

Philip O'Connor from the Post Office has finished his basic training at Great Lakes and is going to enter a Machinists' School.

Joe Vabulos has gone in seriously for POLO at Fort Hamilton.

welcome back! Mr. Warren who recently assumed the helm of the Building Service Dept.

Fred in the doctors' coat room certainly has a great many feminine admirers!

Understand that our Post Mistress, Miss Ranieri has taken on a side line of dog-catching for the A.S.P.C.A.

Lieutenant (Senior Grade) Ralph C. Benson, former Resident of Obstetrics and Gynecology, was in for a brief visit recently and is very enthusiastic about Navy life.

Dr. Rosa Hertz, Assistant Resident in the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology is enjoying two weeks vacation in sunny Texas.

Pearl Funcke of the woman's Clinic, spent two weeks skiing in Vermont and has only a sprained ankle to boast of—she says it's worth it though.

Dr. Curtis L. Mendelson, former Assistant Resident in the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology, will join the Attending Staff of that department.

Miss Grayce Evelth who was an anesthetist in the Department of Surgery, is now in Australia and says she is "having a fine time".

Dr. Leland Ransom, Assistant Resident of the Lying-In Hospital, is leaving for Maryland in a few days where he will spend two weeks vacation.

STORK TALK

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Wheeler, boy, April 5th. Department of Medicine.

Dr. and Mrs. Joseph V. Sullivan, boy, March 31st. Department of Radiology.

Dr. and Mrs. John B. Ogilvie, boy, April 7th. New York Hospital Unit.

Mrs. Eunice Ren Burgdorf, former staff member of woman's Clinic, boy.

Mrs. Dorothy Myers Martin, graduate of New York Hospital School of Nursing, daughter.

Mrs. Bernadette Dumas De Lucia, New York Hospital graduate, daughter.

Mrs. Mary Jenkins Homerschlag, former staff member of Medicine and Surgery, daughter.

Mrs. Jean Robinson Tompsett, former staff member of Medicine and Surgery, daughter.

THROUGH THE PEEP HOLE

Much evidence of the arrival of spring—we notice activity on the Tennis courts in the form of a spring grooming.

We hear that Miss Marion Farrel, physical therapy aide with the New York Hospital Unit is breathlessly awaiting her commission as Second Lieutenant.

Word has just reached us that Dr. Durer of the Dental Staff has been called into the service. While in Dental, our eyes were riveted upon a very comely hygienist, Miss Doris Podoloff looking quite sad—learned her boy friend is far far away. Cheer up Miss Doris, when he returns the world will be a much better one in which to live.

William Vie and Barry Fordering, main hospital elevator aviators, have been with this hospital for seventeen and sixteen years respectively. They have no fear of Gremlins. Ask Jimmy Kelley.

The Record Room is very proud of the records of Mrs. Rosebelle Bradley and Miss Veronica Sullivan; both were in the old hospital.

Then comes Herbert Jones who has not aged at all during his sixteen years in Pharmacology (College).

Mr. William Downey, our Chief Engineer, is rapidly convalescing from an extended illness.

Wish someone would find the secret of Giles Verstratten, patient on G5. He always looks so very very clean and well groomed. Could it be romance? We are baffled.

Dainty Dr. Lucille Bond of X-ray has been displaying her dimples and smiles a bit more lately. We know. Dr. Carty has had a complete recovery.

THEM GREMLINS



A BUJIT

ALWAYS BUSY WITH SOME-
ONE ELSE'S BUSINESS



A TWARP

FULL OF PUNK WISECRACKS



A BUEHESS

BUEHESS COMPLEX AND 2-BIT
GRAMMAR



A JERP

SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME
RELATING PERSONAL EX-
PERIENCES OF INTEREST
ONLY TO HIMSELF